

The Evening World

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THE GAME.

IF SPRING has been saving her smiles for the opening of the baseball season she can hardly miss the signal this week.

Never before has the great American game—the game which lies nearest the hearts of 100,000,000 people—made its annual start more auspiciously. The country's thirty-ninth baseball season finds three leagues in the field—the original National, the thirteen-year-old American and the Federal which comes to the bat for the first time as a bold and daring youngster.

As everybody knows, the 200,000 people who cheered the start of the big contests yesterday are but a handful among the legions that turned out for minor games all over the country. Add the followings of innumerable college and school nines, not forgetting the small boy leagues in every county and town, and imagination begins to arrive at some notion of what mid-April means to baseball.

Nobody dares to say how much baseball the country can stand. If the Federal League succeeds in winning a place for itself this year all calculations will be stamped. Already baseball organizations are as important as trusts. Already baseball players draw the salaries of bank presidents. And every year finds the game stronger.

It is doubtful if any nation ever developed a favorite sport to such dimensions in so short a time. The English have played cricket regularly for well over a century. The first national league of baseball started only thirty-eight years ago. Yet in relative breadth and depth of popular interest baseball is far ahead.

The whole city of ancient Rome turned out for public games. But the state or the rich politicians paid the bills. Baseball is superbly self-supporting. It is healthy, safe, clean. It is overflowing its own country and exciting the interest of the world.

We have every reason to be more and more proud of our greatest game. May the season just begun keep its standards worthy of its success.

The Thaw case is now on its way to the United States Supreme Court. A long run for a murderer's money.

NOT WAR.

THE sending of a fleet to Mexico marks a serious but not inconsistent turn in the policy of this country. The excitable will do well to remember that intervention is still many steps removed.

A man of Huerta's type inclines to experiment how far he can carry defiance and insolence with impunity. His refusal to comply with President Wilson's demand that he order a salute to the American flag as satisfaction for insult offered this country in the arrest of the men from the Dolphin was a piece of bravado, half sly, half pig-headed—in keeping with the character of the man.

Nobody will be surprised if the prompt and inevitable act of the President ordering a display of force befitting the dignity of the United States causes a quick change in Federal manners.

Even wise forbearance cannot forever dispense with such plain show of strength and determination as may be needed to penetrate the blunted perceptions of a Huerta.

Ocean travel is safer since the Titanic disaster—News item.
And even after two years we don't hear so many complaints from luxurious speed-lovers that they were "landed too late for dinner."

ROAD GRAFT.

TAXPAYERS will follow with interest the trial of the contractors and State engineers charged with defrauding the State in building the Coram-Patchogue highway on Long Island.

Witnesses will be called to prove that officials of a contracting company contracted to lay for fifty cents per cubic yard a loam base which they well knew could not be put in for less than \$1.50, and which was conveniently omitted by a later supplementary contract. The District Attorney also charges that although the contract called for a roadbed sixteen feet wide and six inches deep, the measurements show an average width of fifteen feet three inches and an average depth of only four inches; 21,000,000 cubic yards were to be excavated; actually it is claimed only 16,000,000 cubic yards were removed.

Costly State roads discovered upon examination to have been built of brush and rocks veneered with concrete no longer astound New Yorkers. The evidence has become too familiar and widespread.

Let investigation go on—but with results. Fix responsibility and mete out punishment. The faster this is done the sooner will road building in this State rise above the scandal and degradation of its past.

From now on the only weather that counts is afternoon weather.

Letters From the People

As to Punishment.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
In answer to a mother's letter in which she says that she spans her sixteen-year-old unruly daughter and asks whether this procedure is a right one to adopt toward a girl of that age, in my opinion if a girl of sixteen is so unruly that her mother finds it absolutely necessary to spank her, having first tried gentler methods, the mother is doing her duty and should continue to do so until her daughter's actions have changed for the better.
(MRS. F. B.)

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I think it too bad that you feel obliged to publish such a serial as "Chapters from a Woman's Life" by Dale Drummond. Men are mean and stingy enough without having such things to read. My husband brings home your paper and insists on reading the "Chapters" to me, and then spends half an hour lecturing me on my conduct.
MRS. G.

The Cost.

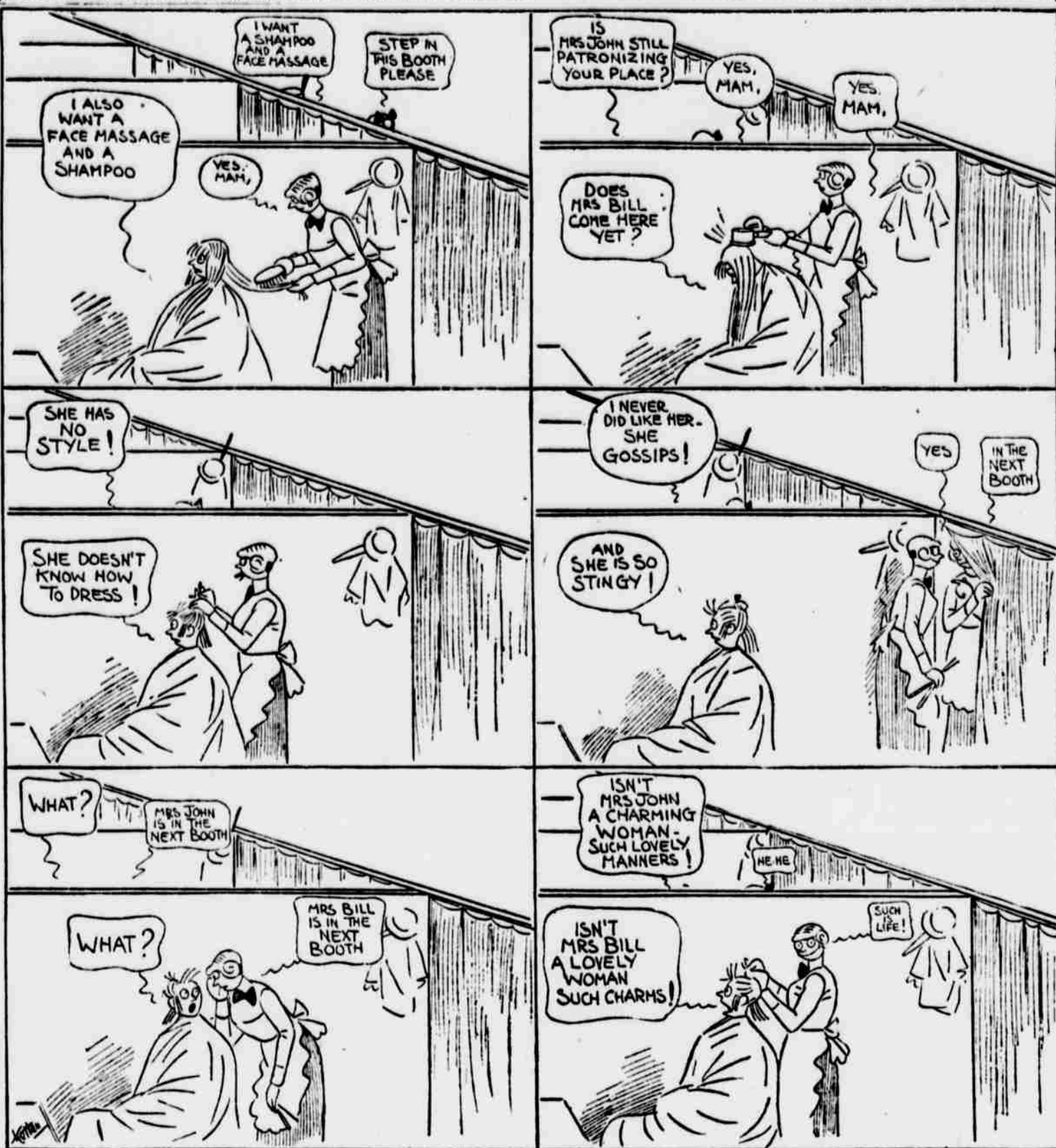
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Answering the problem by "A. R." namely: "Sold property for a certain sum and lost 15 per cent. If the cost to me had been \$600 less, the price I got for it would have shown a gain of 15 per cent." My answer is the cost of the property was \$2,800. Losing thereby 15 per cent, it brought \$1,955. If the cost to me had been only \$1,700 instead of \$2,800, the price I got for it (\$1,955) would have shown a net gain of 15 per cent. The method by which I arrived at this solution is as follows: Let X equal the cost price in dollars; then $85-100 = (X-600) 15-100$, which solves into $X = \$2,800$, the cost price in the first case.
JOSEPH HIRSCH.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where is Dr. Jowett's church? I refer to the Dr. Jowett who came to this city from England. D. M. L. (Dr. Jowett is pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, at No. 705 Fifth Avenue.)

Such Is Life!

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By Maurice Ketten



Straight From The Shoulder

Success Talks to Young Men. Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World)

"Be Brief!"

BREVITY is the soul of more than wit. It is the soul of success. It is a conservator of time. It is a conservator of energy. It is a conservator of concentration. It is more than all this. It is an indication that a young man's brain strikes to the crux of argument and reasoning swiftly and surely. It is a positive assurance that he is capable of condensed thought. It is evidence that his idea crop is being raised by the methods of "intensive farming." In giving instructions, outlining methods, answering questions, imparting information, a terse, concise assemblage of facts will be more promptly recognized and more easily remembered than if they are drowned in a deluge of meaningless conversational water, and a question asked will have its purport more quickly grasped and be more readily answered if its presents the pith and is stripped of the grace of bark and fibre.

Remember, then, that brevity implies two things—mental grasp and the conservation of time for other business—and don't overlook this—that attitude of mind toward the prompt dispatch of business matters which every employer is quick to recognize in his young men.

There are times, of course, when excessive brevity falls short of full and necessary explanation. Just as a railroad between two cities sometimes must wind a bit to include important towns between, so the presentation of a thought, or an idea, or an argument sometimes may not travel in a direct line from starting point to terminus. But railroads make no unnecessary stops or deviations. Do you get the point?

Hits From Sharp Wits.

The fellow with nothing but a hobby can expect to capture any prizes at a horse show—Toledo Blade.

"There is only one thing that will beat a mushroom growing," remarked the Man on the Car, "and that is a grievance."—Toledo Blade.

It is not the high cost of the things we need that makes us poor. It is the fact that we don't need them. Milwaukee Sentinel.

Nobody now blames the Mexican jumping bean for jumping. Chicago News.

A man who suffers from cold feet is often hot-headed.

Some people are unwise enough to admit that they are wise. Macon Telegraph.

A man in a Massachusetts hospital has been found with a heart in the wrong place. He is not the only one. The hearts of some are located in their pocketbooks. Knoxville Tribune.

True greatness is never conscious of itself.—Albany Journal.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR GIRL.

By HELEN ROWLAND.

BEAUTY is the crown which makes a woman queen of the Mardi Gras of Youth; charm is the sceptre which makes her a life sovereign.

If there were a "Who's Who in Matrimony," Solomon might head the list of celebrities; but as a hero he would make a very poor showing beside the man who is able to get along happily with just ONE wife.

Man is a mysterious chemical combination. Add matrimony, and you never can tell whether he will turn into a bromide or a sulphate, a panacea or an explosive, a stimulant or a narcotic.

It is easier for a husband to flatter his wife than to praise her, because flattery may be only a matter of habit, but in order to praise her he must take time to LOOK at her occasionally.

A woman with nerves affects a man like a buzzing mosquito on a summer night; but a woman with "nerve" shocks him like a cold bath on a winter morning.

Lots of husbands have original ways of being good, but their follies and follies are so much alike that there has been no such thing as an "original sin" among them since the days of Adam.

When a man becomes a girl's shadow she should remember that shadows only follow when you flee from them, and always turn and flee when you chase them.

This is the dangerous season, when a bachelor shudders as he feels the sap rising in his veins and gives a start of terror at every little, now, tender emotion that springs up around the outskirts of his barren heart.

Queer Epitaphs.

OF the making of incongruous epitaphs there is no end. Not only the epitaphs you find in joke books but those that are actually graven on tombstones. One of the most famous of these genuine epitaphs is to be found in an Edinburgh cemetery, and bears an eighteenth century date:

"Here lies Martin Elderbrod. Have mercy on my soul Lord God! As I would do, if I were God! And Thou wert Martin Elderbrod." Near Salisbury Plain, in England, is the grave of one William Button. His epitaph runs:

"Oh, sun, moon, stars and ye celestial powers! Are ye, then, deadened into But-tonholes?" Which is not as clever as this epitaph which a famous New York dentist composed for himself:

"Stranger, approach this grave with caution gravity: Here lies a dentist—biting his last words."

Before the days of the slang phrase Douglas Jerrold coined the following two-word epitaph for the grave of his friend Charles Knight:

"Good Night!"

Movies a la Mode

By Alma Woodward

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The Lady and the Dentist.

SCENE 1 (Dining Room)—Lady indicates upper molar. Puts napkin around coffee percolator. Applies heated linen to face. Husband advises. SCREEN: "You'd better go to the dentist's." Wife registers meek acquiescence. Cut to:

Scene 2 (Kitchen)—Enter lady, looking dejected and depressed. Cook glances up. Rushes forward, questioning. Lady tells her terrible troubles over again. Della meditates. SCREEN: "Well, yer better have it pulled. There ain't nothin' like pullin' 'em!" Lady shudders. Moves head in rotary motion, suggesting utter desolation. Exits. Cut to:

Scene 3 (Bedroom)—Lady dressing. Stops every five seconds to pity self. Nevertheless makes herself attractive as possible, not forgetting beauty spot, eyebrow pencil, etc. Exits. Cut to:

Scene 4 (Sulway Train)—Entrance of lady causes stir. Men look over tops of papers. Women knock her hat. Various admiring glances obliterate lady's pain. Express station, sudden exodus. People left in car, one blind man, one washerwoman and our heroine. Lady sobs in violence. SCREEN: "Oh, dear, will this train never get there?" Cut to:

Scene 5 (Street in Front of Office Building)—Lady approaches. Walks past once. Walks past twice. Pretends to remember important errand. Hurries away. Finally, with great show of will power returns and enters building. Cut to:

Scene 6 (Anteroom of Dentist's Office)—Lady received by attendant. Attendant courteous and smiling. Lady wonders how she can smile. Attendant offers magazine. Lady scans magazine. Glances toward closed door. (Cut in vision film.) "Old time torture chamber has nothing on what's behind closed door," thinks lady. Cut to:

Scene 7 (Dentist's Office)—Dentist smiles. Lady feels she'll never smile again. Lady sits in chair. Dentist fits chair back. Lady grabs at his arm wildly. SCREEN: "I have to, madam, to get a proper purchase." Picks up this mirror and instrument. Lady benches. Dentist reassures. Lady benches some more. Dentist ditto. Lady jumps seven feet more or less. Dentist registers regret. SCREEN: "Oh, did I touch the nerve?" Lady looks things. Dentist continues to investigate. Lady becomes pathetic, thinking I'll help. It doesn't. SCREEN: "Well, I'll just put a little treatment in it for today. We can't do anything to it for several days." Lady regains equilibrium, also quietness. Bids him lingering adieu. Cut to:

Scene 8 (Pay station phone booth)—Lady calls up husband. Tells of visit to dentist. SCREEN: "Oh, it was awful! What I suffered!" Lady sobs. Registers delight. Cut to:

Scene 9 (A Restaurant)—Discovered, lady looking over menu. Enter husband. Shows sympathy. SCREEN: "Now, what are you going to eat, dear? You must order a bang-up lunch to make up for the horrible time you've had." Lady orders. Registers delight. Cut to:

Scene 10 (A Restaurant)—Discovered, lady looking over menu. Enter husband. Shows sympathy. SCREEN: "Now, what are you going to eat, dear? You must order a bang-up lunch to make up for the horrible time you've had." Lady orders. Registers delight. Cut to:

Scene 11 (A Restaurant)—Discovered, lady looking over menu. Enter husband. Shows sympathy. SCREEN: "Now, what are you going to eat, dear? You must order a bang-up lunch to make up for the horrible time you've had." Lady orders. Registers delight. Cut to:

Scene 12 (A Restaurant)—Discovered, lady looking over menu. Enter husband. Shows sympathy. SCREEN: "Now, what are you going to eat, dear? You must order a bang-up lunch to make up for the horrible time you've had." Lady orders. Registers delight. Cut to:

Scene 13 (A Restaurant)—Discovered, lady looking over menu. Enter husband. Shows sympathy. SCREEN: "Now, what are you going to eat, dear? You must order a bang-up lunch to make up for the horrible time you've had." Lady orders. Registers delight. Cut to:

Scene 14 (A Restaurant)—Discovered, lady looking over menu. Enter husband. Shows sympathy. SCREEN: "Now, what are you going to eat, dear? You must order a bang-up lunch to make up for the horrible time you've had." Lady orders. Registers delight. Cut to:

Scene 15 (A Restaurant)—Discovered, lady looking over menu. Enter husband. Shows sympathy. SCREEN: "Now, what are you going to eat, dear? You must order a bang-up lunch to make up for the horrible time you've had." Lady orders. Registers delight. Cut to:

Scene 16 (A Restaurant)—Discovered, lady looking over menu. Enter husband. Shows sympathy. SCREEN: "Now, what are you going to eat, dear? You must order a bang-up lunch to make up for the horrible time you've had." Lady orders. Registers delight. Cut to:

Scene 17 (A Restaurant)—Discovered, lady looking over menu. Enter husband. Shows sympathy. SCREEN: "Now, what are you going to eat, dear? You must order a bang-up lunch to make up for the horrible time you've had." Lady orders. Registers delight. Cut to:

Scene 18 (A Restaurant)—Discovered, lady looking over menu. Enter husband. Shows sympathy. SCREEN: "Now, what are you going to eat, dear? You must order a bang-up lunch to make up for the horrible time you've had." Lady orders. Registers delight. Cut to:

Scene 19 (A Restaurant)—Discovered, lady looking over menu. Enter husband. Shows sympathy. SCREEN: "Now, what are you going to eat, dear? You must order a bang-up lunch to make up for the horrible time you've had." Lady orders. Registers delight. Cut to:

Scene 20 (A Restaurant)—Discovered, lady looking over menu. Enter husband. Shows sympathy. SCREEN: "Now, what are you going to eat, dear? You must order a bang-up lunch to make up for the horrible time you've had." Lady orders. Registers delight. Cut to:

Little Causes Of Big Wars

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 73—A Betrayed Confidence That Led to an Indian War.

A YOUNG United States Army officer—Tom Custer, brother of Gen. George Custer—was taken by a Government scout in 1874 to witness a strange Sioux ceremony, the ceremony of granting tribal honors to certain Indian braves.

The scout (so he later declared) consented to take Custer to the ceremony only on the officer's solemn promise never to tell any one what he might see or hear there. The youthful Indian who was to undergo ordeals and receive honors that day was a Sioux known as Rain-in-the-Face.

To test the youth's endurance, his fellow savages put him to various forms of torture, one detail being to suspend him from the top of a pole by skewers stuck through the muscles of his shoulders. Then he was called upon to tell of any special deed of prowess he had performed.

Rain-in-the-Face, in answer to this request, told of meeting two white men in the mountains. He said they had disregarded his "peace sign" and had fired on him. Whereat he had followed them for days, and at last had killed and scalped them while they were asleep.

Tom Custer was filled with indignation at the tale. He galloped to the nearest fort and, disregarding his alleged promise, repeated to the military authorities there the confession he had heard. A company of cavalry was at once sent to capture Rain-in-the-Face.

The Indian was seized, dragged to the fort and locked up there, pending his trial for murder. The half full of drifted snow, Rain-in-the-Face broke out, stole a horse and galloped for the distant mountains. Only once did he pause in his flight. That was when he chanced to entrust a message.

"Tell Tom Custer that some day I will cut his heart out!"

The reservations and other Indian haunts were no longer safe refuges for the fugitive. So he fled to the mountain camp of a band of Sioux murderers, horse thieves and other outlaws, whose "medicine man" was the infamous Sitting Bull.

At once Rain-in-the-Face became a leader in this savage horde. He was the type of man who would have been a leader anywhere. What Sitting Bull accomplished by craft this new chieftain accomplished by force. He helped weld together a gang of cutthroats into a fairly effective fighting machine, and to fan to fresh fury their hatred for the white man.

Rain-in-the-Face was making ready to fulfill his threat against Tom Custer and revenge himself on the white race in general. Soon, under his urging and that of Sitting Bull (whom he despised as a coward), the band was ready for the warpath. And the war began.

There were the customary running fights, depredations, butcheries and tortures that have accompanied nearly all Indian wars. The climax came on June 26, 1876, when, near the Little Big Horn, Gen. Custer's force rode into an ambush skillfully planned by Rain-in-the-Face and Sitting Bull.

There was a fierce battle—a battle of annihilation. The soldiers, outnumbered and out-manoeuvred, were slaughtered almost to a man. Ever in the forefront of the fight raged Rain-in-the-Face, seeking Tom Custer. Twice he was wounded—once in the thigh, once in the knee—by bullets. But he kept on in his quest. At length (according to his own story), he came face to face with the man whose heart he had sworn to cut out.

Rain-in-the-Face, shouting about his own name as he rushed on his foe, struck Tom Custer dead. Then, kneeling on his victim's chest, knife in hand, Rain-in-the-Face fulfilled his horrible threat. He boasted, too, that it was superior officer and soldier brother.

The Custer battle news roused the whole country. With an overwhelming force, Gen. Miles advanced against the Indians. They retreated toward the Canadian border. Arriving on Canadian soil, Rain-in-the-Face remained in comfort until it was safe for him to return to the United States.

Jungle Tales for Children

By Farmer Smith

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MR. ANT was going would be hard work getting up home one day when she saw Master Elephant shifting from one foot to the other.

"Why don't you lie down?" asked Mrs. Ant.

"I am not excited, but you are so small I can't get at you," replied Master Elephant.

"Why don't you blow me away?" asked Mrs. Ant.

"I'll do it!" exclaimed Master Elephant as he filled his huge lungs and began to blow.

Mrs. Ant at this time was behind the big fellow's leg and she said to him, when he had finished:

"Thank you for blowing away that pile of dirt. It has been in my way a long time."

"If I should lie down, it would be hard work getting up again."

"You are very lazy," said Mrs. Ant.

"Don't you talk to me like that," answered Master Elephant.

"What are you so excited about?" asked Mrs. Ant.

"I am not excited, but you are so small I can't get at you," replied Master Elephant.

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